

## I Won't Regret It

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## I Won't Regret It

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Dream is staying with George for a week at his house in England. After a night of drinking, Dream kisses George. They work through emotions together, going over a rough patch and smoothing it out. Their week dwindles as they make the most of their time together, going on dates and cuddling close at night. The two of them know, as hard as it'll be when Dream has to leave, they'll stick together through it all, and make their long distance relationship work.

### Notes

I don't really like this story anymore, but I'm leaving it up for the people that did. But just so you know, I feel like I have way better works than this.

so, I'm pretty sure I'm going to regret writing this. I haven't written a story or one shot or anything like that in a LONG time so this might be bad.

The only reason I started writing again was because there is definitely not enough DreamNotFound stories on here.

Now, as a disclaimer I want to say I do not condone forcing these things onto real people. Do realize that this story is not me saying I want them to get together, because, that's their lives. I'm using the personalities they show in their videos, but, like I said, I do not condone forcing this ship onto them as they are real people with real feelings and they have every right to like or not like whomever they want. Thank you.

# We're Idiots

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream holds up the little shot glass, clinking it against George's own. He couldn't help but laugh as he watched George's face scrunch up when he took the shot. He downed his quickly after, taking a sip from his cup of fruit punch. George drank almost half his own glass, trying to stop the burn in this throat.

Dream goes to pour them both another shot.

"I'm not sure I can do another one." George says, looking at the little glass. Dream just shrugs with a smile.

"Whatever dude, as long as you feel it then that's all we wanted." He says, taking his next shot quickly.

"You're not even 21 yet and you can just-"

Dream cuts him off, shaking his head. "I don't know what you're on about George!" He pushes the other's shoulder, grinning. "We're in England, American laws don't matter here."

George couldn't help but snicker a bit. "Whatever." He says, rolling his eyes. "It's just curious to me how you can drink like that."

Dream keeps his grin still, setting his shot glass down. "I think it's even more weird that you still cringe when you drink." He teased.

"What am I supposed to do!" George yells, but he couldn't stop the smile coming to his lips. "I just never really drank, okay?"

Dream nods, taking a sip from his other glass.

Suddenly the TV across from them booms with sound. They both jump, their heads turning quickly to the screen. On it was one of George's videos, which they put on for background noise. A creeper just blew up, which made the two of them, in the video, scream at each other.

They both laugh at the TV before turning back to each other.

Dream was starting to feel it in his arms and legs. Taking him out of his thoughts, he sees George grabbing his shot glass.

"You really don't have to-" He says, but George had downed it already. He coughs a bit, but he was smiling. Dream shakes his head, pouring himself another and looking at the other, as if asking him. George nods, and he pours.

"I am going to be drunk as hell if I drink that." George says.

Dream laughs, "That's the point, idiot." He sets the alcohol bottle down, picking up his shot glass again. George grabs his, they clink, and then down it together. George groans after, hitting his chest a few times as he takes a big gulp of fruit punch.

Dream couldn't help but find it a little funny. He had been drinking his own punch, but he couldn't

stop himself from laughing. Some of his drink spills out from his mouth and even a few drops from his nose. It gets all over his shirt.

George had been feeling his intoxication creeping up on him. But after he took that last shot, it hit him pretty hard. He laughs at Dream, in turn making the other laugh harder.

Only after a couple minutes of trying to calm down were they actually able to.

Dream looks down at his shirt, it starting to dry against his skin. It was sticky and just overly gross feeling. Without much thought he pulls his shirt off, over his head, dropping it to the side.

"What are you doing!" George yells.

"What, you want me to keep that on?" Dream laughs, kicking it away. "I'm not wearing that anymore."

George rolls his eyes, chuckling. He looks over to the TV again. Over the next few minutes, he stole glances to Dream's chest. He thought it was quite funny, for whatever reason, that he had freckles there too. It's not like there wouldn't be, but he just never thought of it before.

Dream follows his gaze to the TV as well. They sit there like that, watching the rest of the video on screen. Dream took another shot during it, slowly feeling the alcohol move through his system until he realized he was drunk as well as George.

George actually grabs the bottle this time, pouring them both another shot. Although, he poured too much, making them both about double. Neither seemed to care. They grabbed the shots, clinked the glasses again, and then downed them. George's throat was burning, so got off the couch, moving towards his kitchen. He couldn't stop laughing as he did so, though.

"What's so funny?" Dream asks him, to which he responds "I don't know!" As he gets to the kitchen, he grabs the carton of fruit juice, bringing it back out. He goes to pour it, but after splashing some onto the table, he gives up and instead just drinks straight out of it.

Dream grabs the carton from George after he finished, chugging some down himself.

They bantered and talked for a while, laughing and generally having a great time.

But as the night grew, they started to get tired. George yawns, sinking back into the couch further. Dream looks over to him before checking his phone for the time. It was almost 2 in the morning. He couldn't stop his own yawn, rubbing his eyes. They both sat there, watching the TV play one of their videos.

"Clay?"

Dream blinks a few times before looking to George. He hums questionably in response.

"If you could go anywhere in the world, where would you go?" George asks, turned to him.

Dream raises his eyebrows in thought. He practically giggles at how stupid that question was, grinning all the while. "You know what, probably France. Like the Eiffel Tower."

"Oooh Dream wants to go on a romantic trip!" George teases. Dream laughs, "Like that's what I meant! I just thought it'd be cool!" He argues.

"Cool to jerk off on the Eiffel Tower." George adds, snickering, only to have Dream shove him.

"You know that's not what I mean." He says with a laugh. He follows it up with "What about you?"

George hums, thinking. But then he laughs, "Anywhere I could see your Mum." He jokes. Dream shoves him again, only for George to do it back. They laugh, having a shoving match until George falls off the couch.

Dream was quick to get up, kneeling down by George. "Oh damn, sorry dude, are you okay?" He says, albeit he was laughing still.

George was nodding, laughing too. "I'm fine!" He says, sitting up.

After their laughter dies down, George looks to Dream, who was sitting on his knees watching him.

What Dream does next happened so fast George could barely register it. He felt a warmness on his lips and his eyes opened wide. By the time he realized Dream was kissing him, the other had already pulled away, moving to get up.

Dream felt like an idiot. Why did he do that? He was beginning to freak out when George grabs at his side, pulling him back down.

"Let me go, I need to leave I shouldn't've-" Dream started, but George moves over to press their lips together again.

It's hard to kiss when you're drunk and tired, but he did it anyway.

It was Dream's turn to be surprised, eyes open wide. It took him a few moments before he was kissing back, eyes closing slowly.

George moves a hand up to cup Dream's jaw, and in return he feels hands on his own jaw. They sit like that for a while, kissing slowly. While they could only taste the alcohol on each other's lips, it didn't matter. When they pulled away, they stared into each other's eyes. Dream studied George's brown eyes, who in turn was studying his green ones. They sat like that for what felt like forever until George scoots away, standing up. "I don't want to even think about this right now." He says, turning away from Dream.

Dream gets up too, frowning slightly as George turns around. Did he just fuck up their whole friendship?

"George I'm sorry I just-"

"Shut up Dream!" He says, turning back around. Dream steps back, his head spinning. What has he done?

"I can't believe this had to happen now!" George continues, throwing his hands up. "I never thought it'd happen but I definitely didn't think it would happen like this--"

"What do you-" Dream starts, only to be cut off.

"It doesn't matter because we're drunk! It shouldn't have happened like this!" George was pacing, rubbing at his face.

"You're going to regret it and then we're never going to talk about it because it's not like you meant it." He says, pushing his hands into his hair, pulling at it with anxiety.

"George," Dream starts, moving over to grab his wrists, gently trying to remove his hands from his

hair.

"I can't believe this!"

"George."

"You must hate me now-"

"George!"

Finally, George's eyes dart over to Dream's. He lets his fingers be taken out of his hair, only for them to be taken into the other's hands, slowly interlocking together.

"We can talk about this tomorrow." Dream stated, smiling softly. "But just so you know, I promise I won't regret it."

George stares up at him silently for a while before he looks down. His head was spinning and he could barely make out a single thought, they were all whirling together.

Dream leans down, pressing a kiss onto the other's cheek. George's lips turned up into a smile, and he squeezes Dream's hands with his. They stood there like that for a while, both of them calming their nerves.

"It's getting late," Dream says, breaking the silence, to which George responds with a yawn and a "Yeah." He starts walking towards his room, one hand still laced with Dream's, who follows behind. When he climbs onto the bed, letting go of the other's hand, he gives another yawn, rubbing one of his eyes. As he settles down, he looks over to Dream, who was standing next to his bed.

"Are you coming or-?" George asks, pulling the blanket up to give Dream a spot to sit.

Dream stands there, feeling a little rigid. It wasn't anything crazy, sleeping in the same bed. But he couldn't shake the butterflies out of his stomach. Maybe he was making this a bigger deal than it needed to be-- and he was pulled out of his thoughts by George grabbing his wrist and tugging him onto the bed. He laughs at the eagerness, kneeling onto the bed before he settles down next to George, already having forgotten his recent dilemma.

George reaches over, turning off the lamp on his nightstand, leaving both of them in the dark. The only light that came in was through the window as cars passed by.

Dream snakes his arm around George's middle, trying to force his eyes to adjust in the dark (but to no avail).

"This okay?" He asks softly, gently rubbing his thumb on George's back.

In response he gets a hum, and then a quick, sloppy kiss at the side of his mouth. They laugh together quietly, snuggling up to one another.

George hadn't realized he was running his own hand up Dream's chest until he could feel the other's heartbeat. He keeps his hand there for a moment, smiling to himself.

After some time, George cuddles up even closer, nuzzling his face into Dream's neck with a delighted sigh.

The sun was shining directly into Dream's eyes as he woke up. He groans, eyelids screwing shut

tightly. After a couple seconds he felt a pound in his head. With another groan, he goes to sit up, only to be stopped by the weight on his chest. Forcing his eyes open, he was met with the sight of George, literally laying on top of him.

And then some of last night comes back to him. His heart starts to race, making his headache worsen. He remembers kissing George, and then him freaking out. He can't place exactly how bad the freak out was but-

Oh fuck.

He has to backtrack himself. He kissed George.

He kissed George.

Of course, he thinks, the first time they hang out together in real life, he fucks it up. He was dreading the other waking up. He could picture it now, George waking up with his own hangover, getting off of him with disgust, and then telling him to leave with some not so great words.

His eyes sting with a few tears, but he blinks them away as best as he could. God, he felt pathetic.

It had been a handful of months since he had realized he had a crush on George. No matter how childish that sounds, he could never bring himself to label it how it really was. He didn't want to admit to himself that he loved his best friend in that way, because once he did then he felt it was inevitable to get his heart broken.

What is he even going to say? Sorry? What would that do!

There's a mumbling against his chest, and then a groan. He looks down to see George rubbing one of his eyes, yawning quietly.

He could feel his heart speed up again. He almost felt like he was going to be sick.

Speaking of sick, George scrambles off of Dream, practically falling onto the floor. He grabs for his trashcan before leaning over it and puking into the bag. He coughs, holding his stomach with one hand and the bin with the other. His head pounds sharply.

Dream pushes his own worries aside as he hears the retching. He gets up as quickly as he could, his head spinning slightly as he tries to gather himself. He kneels off the bed, placing a hand onto the other's back and using his other hand to help keep the trashcan in place.

"Fuck," George groans, vomiting again. Dream rubs his back, but he stays silent. He's a little cold, now that George wasn't on top of him, but he also realized he wasn't wearing his shirt. Go figure.

After a couple minutes, George pushes the bin away, standing up a little shakily. Dream stands up as well, taking a step back.

George makes his way to his bathroom. He uses his hands to cup water from the faucet and then he sips some into his mouth, swishing it around and then spitting it out to get the taste of puke from his mouth. He coughs a bit before reaching up to the medicine cabinet. He pulls out a bottle of Tylenol and shakes himself out two pills.

"Clay, do you need some of this?" He asks a little groggily, holding out the bottle as he walks to his room.

Dream looks over, and nods, holding out a hand. George gives him two pills as well before capping

the bottle and going to put it back away.

Dream leaves to the kitchen, grabbing two water bottles out of the fridge and bringing them back to George's room. He uses one to take the Tylenol, giving the other to George.

After they both had taken it, George sat on his bed, and Dream on the desk chair. He had pulled on a new shirt, thankfully. They checked their phones, and as the silence stayed it seemed to get heavier. Dream was sure he could hear his own heartbeat.

George broke the silence by clearing his throat, "You regret it, don't you?" He asks, quieter than usual.

"What?" Dream looks over to him, sitting up some. And then he remembered George's freak out.

Was George just as scared as him?

"Forget it." George says, letting out a huff of air. He could barely remember last night. All except for the kiss. It's like his brain wanted his heart to hurt.

"No no, George," Dream starts, moving onto the bed, sitting next to the other. "I don't regret it." He says as he looks away. "Unless you do. Cuz' then I would." He rubs the back of his neck, sighing.

George stares at the floor for a moment, trying to process that. Then, he says "I don't," and looks up to Dream. The other gives him a small smile, to which he returned.

"Does that mean I can do it again?" Dream asks, his smile turning into a big grin.

"I don't see why not," butterflies filled George's stomach as he said that, and his cheeks just kept getting warmer and warmer. Next thing he knew, Dream's lips were on his. He kisses back happily, hands moving up to hold his face. Dream puts his hands on George's waist, holding him close.

They sit together like that for a while, kissing slow and gentle. When they pulled apart to breathe normally, they stared into each other's eyes, foreheads together.

"I kinda wish I hadn't been drunk when I did that." Dream says, still smiling.

"Yeah well," George starts, but he just ends with a shrug and a chuckle. And then suddenly he groans, sighing. "I owe Sap like thirty dollars."

"What? Why?"

George's cheeks flush again, and he chuckled nervously. "I maybe, might have, sort of, made a bet with him."

"What kind of bet!" Dream asks, laughing slightly.

"It was like, if you kissed me or told me you had feelings or whatever before I told you. If I ever got to. But," he shakes his head, grinning. "I'm not even upset about losing that bet."

Dream snickers, leaning over and pressing another kiss to his lips.

"How long ago did you make that bet?" He asks.

"Gosh, it was that day you and I did the Siamese twins video." George admits.

"Oh my God, we're idiots George!" Dream says, laughing.



"What?"

"That was so long ago! One of us should have totally said something months ago!"

"Wait, how long have you.." George trails off a bit, watching Dream.

"Months!" Dream responds, laughing. He grabs George's face, peppering his cheeks with kisses.

"Dream!" George squeals, pushing him away as he laughs.

They end up laying on the bed, staring at each other and holding hands.

"Maybe we need to get drunk again soon." George jokes, grinning.

"Even after you puked up your guts this morning?"

"I'll take it easy." He says, rolling his eyes.

## Chapter End Notes

edit: it's been like, only an hour since I posted this, but there's already been a bunch of hits on it. I forgot how great it felt to have people leaving you Kudos! Thank you guys <3

# Silent Fears

## Chapter Notes

second chapter guys.

I don't know how to pace a story forgive me--

a couple new tags check it out. this is about as angsty as I can get right now.

So, look, even though the two of them had literally spewed their feelings out to each other a couple days ago, George was unbelievably nervous. He felt like every step he'd take was on thin ice.

It didn't go unnoticed. Dream was a little cautious, but only because George was acting weird.

It was almost noon, and the second day of George acting like there were eggshells all around him.

Sure, it doesn't seem like a long time, but Dream was starting to get fed up with it. When your best friend (were they still even at that stage?) was acting so unlike himself, you're allowed to worry.

"George, are you hungry?" He asks, walking up behind the couch and leaning over it to look at him.

George shrugs a bit, "Maybe." He doesn't even look back at him.

Dream had to keep himself from just letting it out, telling George to stop acting like a maniac. But he figured there had to be a reason, and he didn't want to actually fuck this up.

Dream tosses a jacket at George as he slips on his shoes.

"Well, I want to take you out to lunch." Dream says, giving him a smile.

George stares at him for a moment, his gaze faltering. He sighs, standing up and tugging on his jacket, looking defeated.

It took so much of his willpower not to grab George by the shoulders and shake him silly. Seriously, Dream was starting to wonder if he had done something wrong that he can't remember, which was freaking him out a little in turn.

As he walks outside, he waits for George. He pays for a taxi, taking them to some local place with good reviews.

The whole ride was tense. George would barely answer questions or hold a conversation with him.

By the time they were seated in the restaurant, Dream was starting to feel like whatever had happened was a lost cause. He thought that maybe taking the other out to eat would do something, anything. Sadly, that something seemed to be making it worse.

After the umpteenth time George said something along the lines of "I don't know" or "Maybe", Dream scooted back his chair. He took a deep breath, setting his hands on the table, keeping himself composed. After that, he stayed silent as well, even through the taxi ride back.

Only as soon as the front door closed did he speak again.

"Dude, what the fuck is wrong?" He says, grabbing the other's wrist to keep him from leaving.

"I don't kn-"

"Shut up! George, I am going to slap you if you don't just tell me what the actual fuck is wrong." Dream says, staring him down.

George stares back, lips in a straight, unwavering line, unlike Dream, who was actively frowning.

"If you slap me then you're leaving." George responds, tugging his wrist slightly.

"I won't if you just tell me what your problem is!" Dream says.

Any other time, this kind of conversation would be a joke. But it wasn't, it was, without a better way to put it, weird and painful.

"You're an idiot, Clay. Nothing is wrong."

Dream lets go of his wrist to instead grab his shoulders. He actually shakes him like that.

"If nothing is wrong then why, why, why are you acting like this!"

"I'm not acting like anything!" George pulls out of his grip, stepping back some to the point Dream couldn't reach him. He crosses his arms, but the way he does it just didn't seem angry, Dream felt like it looked--well, he wasn't sure, but he was sure that George didn't look as angry as he was sounding.

"You cannot tell me that you haven't realized what you've been doing. It's making me go crazy." Dream says, narrowing his eyes at George, who, in response, cast his eyes away from him.

"I'm not trying to-" George says, but he stops abruptly. He rubs his hands over his face, sighing.

Dream steps close again, gently placing his hands on the sides of George's arms. "If something is wrong, just tell me. Did I do something? Because if you're mad about it I really want to know."

George shakes his head, hands falling from his face. "I'm not mad about anything. Just forget it."

Dream pinches the bridge of his nose, jaw clenching slightly. He is actually going to slap this man.

"George I'm going to slap you."

"Why! Just let it go-"

Okay, so maybe he can't actually bring himself to slap him, as much as he wants to, but he can grab his shoulders again instead.

"I'm not letting it go, you're acting like a fucking child-"

George pulls out of his grip, "Oh my God, stop! I'm fucking terrified you piece of shit!" He pushes him back. His cheeks go red, "That's what you wanted to hear, right? That's my problem, Dream. I am so, so fucking terrified right now." He had this mix of anger, and confusion, and sadness: it was starting to hurt his chest. Of course, that doesn't include the crushing weight of his fears.

Dream stumbled back a bit, catching himself. He stared at George, almost studying him.

"What are you so terrified about?" He asks, his voice sounded like worry or frustration, it was hard to tell which.

George opens his mouth to speak, but then he closes it. With a sigh, he puts his face in his hands.

Slightly mumbled, but still understandable, he says "It's stupid."

Dream takes a tentative step towards George. "If it's actually scaring you it's not stupid," he tells him.

"It's hard to put it," George says, dropping his hands and looking at Dream again.

"I really don't want things to be weird anymore. It sucks! And I don't care if I have to listen to you for 24 hours trying to explain it to me, I just want this to stop." Dream says, closing more space between them and grabbing one of the other's hands.

George sighs, squeezing Dream's hand. "I was thinking about it. Us. This would be so much easier if we hadn't kissed and-"

"So *you* regret it." Dream says, and as he says it, his heart sinks.

George stumbled for words, "No- I-" he says, groaning after with frustration on his part. "Maybe- But no. I mean... Now that we've come out about our feelings, there's no going back. If one of us ever decided that it wasn't working out, that's just the end of it all. You'll say 'We'll still be friends' and then we don't talk ever again." He squeezes Dream's hand a little tighter, continuing. "I mean, the thought of losing a relationship with you is terrifying in itself, but I can't even process how I would do if I lost everything with you. At least before our kiss, I didn't have to worry about it."

There was an immediate embrace, Dream wrapping his arms around George, hugging him tightly.

"That's not stupid." Dream says softly, rubbing the other's back. "Hell, I'm scared of that too."

"What?"

"Well, yeah-" Dream pulls back a bit so they could look at each other. "Losing everything just because it doesn't work out sounds like a nightmare."

George closes his eyes, trying to force away his tears. He presses his face into Dream's chest, staying silent for a moment. Dream just rubs soft circles into his back, the two just ever so barely swaying together.

"I'm sorry for acting like an idiot." George says against his chest.

"It's okay." Dream says back. "I'm glad you're not mad at me or something."

"You really thought I was mad at you?" George asks.

"You wouldn't talk to me, George." He reasons.

George hums in response, hugging Dream tighter. "Sorry. I didn't mean it like that, I've just been really caught up in my head."

"Yeah, I know now." He moves a hand up, running it softly through the brunet hair.

After some silence, Dream clears his throat. "I would want to stay your friend, even if my feelings went away."

George smiles against his chest, "Thanks, Dream."

"See how easy that was?" Dream says, smiling down to him. "Next time, please don't make me threaten you to get you to open up."

George laughs a little guiltily at that, nodding. "I'll keep that in mind."

Some more seconds of silence followed, but it was comfortable.

They both spoke at the same time, "Dream-" "George-"

After some soft chuckles from the both of them, they both spoke again. Again at the same time, "Look I-" "I don't-"

They burst into laughter, hugging onto each other still. Once they caught their breath, they stared into each other's eyes.

"George-" "Dream-"

It was obvious that time that George intentionally did that, giving the other a shit-eating grin.

"Okay George, really," Dream says, smiling back to him. "Would you be my boyfriend?"

George's heart thumps hard, and he wraps his arms around Dream's neck, tugging him into a fervid kiss.

He only pulls away because he needed to breathe, otherwise he would've stayed there for the rest of his life. And then he realized he should probably actually answer Dream.

"Yes." He says, looking up at him.

Dream gives George an elated grin before he holds tight around his waist, picking him up and spinning around a few times.

First there was a shriek, and then "You're crazy! Put me down!" George laughs, squirming slightly in his grasp.

They spent the rest of the day cuddling on the couch, eating junk food and watching their friends' YouTube videos.

They agree it was okay to tell their friends, as long as they promise not to tell anyone else about it yet.

So in a group chat with the two of them, along with Sap and Bad, Dream messages 'I have news, but you have to promise to keep your mouth shut about it.'

Bad was immediate with his response, sending a gif of a cat saying 'Promise'

Sapnap took a few extra minutes before sending back 'I only promise if it has nothing to do about me.' and then he adds a laughing emoji.

Dream started typing, but then he erased it. He does it again a few times. For whatever reason, he couldn't make it sound not-weird. So he pulls up his camera instead, holding it out in front of him and George.

"Say cheese." He says, snapping a picture. They were still cuddling, both under the same blanket

and their limbs basically tangled with each other. They had some of the most genuine grins on their faces.

Dream sends the picture, along with a joking 'Youve met my boyfriend right?'

Sap responded first. If you considered the singular letter 'A' as a response. Bad then jumped in with 'are you being serious right now' following it up with 'because if you miffinheads are joking im gonna fly over there myself and smack you'

The two of them laugh, and George responds with 'not joking' and a smiley emoji.

Suddenly, both of their phones rang with an incoming video call through the group. George just sets his phone aside, leaning on Dream's shoulder as the other picks up on his phone. Sapnap seemed to have been the one calling, as he was already there when they got in, Bad joining a few seconds later.

"When did this happen!" Sap yells through his microphone, he was grinning on the other end.

"Today?" Dream says, looking to George, who speaks up, "Well it's kind of been a long week. But, officially today." He added, smiling.

"I knew it was going to happen on your trip!" Sapnap laughs, clapping his hands together a few times. "I was praying to our Lord and Savior that you guys would stop being dense as fuck!"

"Language-" Bad pushed in there.

The four of them start laughing, their videos bobbing up and down blurrily as they did.

When they've calmed down, Sapnap gives an exaggerated gasp. "George! Please tell me I don't owe you thirty bucks."

Bad looked confused at that, but George's face goes a little pink and he chuckles. Dream grinned widely, barely holding in a snicker.

"You don't." George says, a little defeated, and Sap pumps his fists into the air.

"I think it's a little weird to bet on something like that by the way." Dream says, but he was still grinning ear to ear.

"It's George's fault! He wouldn't tell you, so I had to put a little incentive out there."

"And it didn't even work-" George laughs.

Bad decided he'd have to ask another day.

The four of them talked for a while, but as the night drew in, and the two cuddled together began to yawn, they decided to say Goodnight.

Dream stands up, stretching with a yawn. George follows suit, ever so slightly leaning on the other. Dream gently takes his hand, and they move off towards the bedroom.

No matter how tired they were getting, the two of them pressed sweet, sleepy kisses on each other's cheeks, over and over again.

As they laid together on George's bed, their legs tangled together, arms around each other. George dozed off first, Dream watched him breathe for a minute or two, admiring him. He couldn't believe

that this was his reality right now. Of all those months of pining, he never thought he'd end up with George in his arms.

But here he was. And here's how he wanted to stay.

For the first time, Dream found himself willingly thinking that he loved George.

# Zoo Shenanigans

## Chapter Notes

I keep having to look things up about the UK bc, as an American, I know nothing about it. So I am sorry if anything is wrong shcnsjhsxb  
I was going to have it the other way around, George coming to Florida, but there's already some fics about that, so I wanted to go in a different direction !

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George had woken up first, sighing as he squinted to look at the clock. 6 AM. With a groan, he rolls back over, trying to fall asleep again.

After trying for a good fifteen minutes, he decides to just get up. He was careful, not wanting to wake up Dream as he slipped out of bed. He makes his way to the bathroom, going through his morning routine.

He was making tea in his kitchen a few minutes later. He doesn't often make any, he prefers to just buy it, but he gave his last bottle to Dream the other day.

George was pouring some out of the kettle into a cup when he remembered yesterday. He was smiling a bit, happy that Dream didn't just leave when he was being a pain in the ass.

Sure, he's not totally over that fear, but after having talked it out, it was way more bearable.

And then he remembers Dream asking him out. The kettle dropped from his hand, hot tea spilling out on the kitchen tile. Good thing it was metal.

"Fuck-!" He shouted as it hits the floor, it creating an even louder noise than his yelling.

Dream was in the kitchen immediately, hair still a mess from bed, and eyes still half asleep. "You okay?" He asks.

George had to blink a few times to process what happened. But then he starts laughing, leaning against the kitchen counter.

Dream stood there, confused. He gazes down at the mess on the floor, raising his eyebrows.

"I just dropped it," he says between laughs, shaking his head.

Dream gives his own light chuckle, leaning down to pick up the kettle and setting it up on the counter.

"Sorry I woke you up." George says as he had calmed down, throwing a kitchen towel on the ground to start cleaning up the tea.

"Mm, it's okay." Dream says, stepping around the mess to kiss George's temple as he reaches into a cupboard to get a cup. "How'd you sleep?" He asks.

George wasn't able to contain his widening grin. Between realizing that this man was now his



*boyfriend* and the fact that it wasn't some dream he made up in his head, he was pretty ecstatic for 6:30 in the morning.

He didn't register that he hadn't answered Dream, instead his mind going off in the clouds as he stared at the other.

Dream gave George a curious smile in return, rolling his eyes when he realized he was staring at him.

"You're a dork." Dream tells him, leaning down and pecking his lips.

George's cheeks pinken a bit, but he chuckles. "Whatever," he responded, grabbing the now soaked towel off the floor.

"Any plans for today?" Dream asks as he pours himself a cup of orange juice.

"We haven't really went out to do anything since you got here. I was thinking the Zoo or something like that, get out and do something." George responded, taking the towel to his bathroom and putting it in a laundry bin. He smiled at the thought of a Zoo date--it'd literally be the cutest story to have for a first date. He already couldn't wait to tell Sap and Bad about it.

"The Zoo sounds fun, I can't remember the last time I went to one." Dream says once George was back.

"There's two that are pretty close. The one has an aquarium part, but the other has better shops and snacks." He explains, looking to Dream, who was nodding as he listened.

"I say we go to the one with better snacks." Dream tells him, smiling.

"Agreed. They have Cadbury ice cream bars and every kind of cookie you could think of." George says, leaning against the counter. "They open at noon. Maybe we can grab a quick lunch before we go?"

Dream nods, pulling his phone out of his pocket to check the time. "Damn, it's 6 in the morning. Why're you up?"

George shrugs, "Don't know."

"Well, it is way too early for me. I'm gonna lay back down." Dream says, walking out of the kitchen with a yawn.

George watches him leave before he follows him. As Dream climbed into the bed, he followed suit.

"You laying down too?" Dream asks, facing him as he lays down.

"Mhm." George hums. He wraps his arms around Dream, snuggling up to him.

With a soft chuckle, Dream loops his arms around the other in response.

His lips stay curled up in a smile as he closes his eyes, feeling George bury his head between his neck and shoulder. He feels so lucky.

After a yawn, Dream kisses George's head. He thinks to himself about the swell in his chest when he gets to kiss him, the little butterflies in his stomach when he looks at him and thinks 'I love you'. It wasn't something he's never felt before, but it was so vastly different that he wonders if what he

had had in the past was even love. This was so much stronger, it felt like George had his hand in his ribcage, holding onto his heart--if he squeezes too hard he'd break it, but even with that vulnerability Dream wasn't worried about it.

Dream had three exes. Two girls and a guy. His last relationship was with this guy from across the street of his house at the time. It ended on such a sour note that he thought he was never going to date another man again. Getting cheated on is not something he wanted to relive. Yes, he knew girls cheated too--but that's not the point.

George doesn't know about that though. Honestly, Dream thinks the only person who knew was Sapnap. He hadn't even came out to his friends as bi yet. He wasn't going to tell Sap originally, but the night after the breakup he had broke down during a video call with him.

Which reminded him, he didn't actually know what George's sexuality was. It didn't really matter of course, but he's just glad that men are included for him.

When Dream woke up again, he nuzzles into George's hair, running his fingers on his back. He stays like that until George stirs, stretching out as he wakes up.

"Morning." Dream says into George's brunet hair.

George tilts his head up to look at Dream, giving him a sleepy smile. "Morning."

Dream presses his lips into George's, who softly presses back. George could wake up like this every day and never get bored of it.

As they pulled away, Dream looks to the clock. "11. I guess we should get ready." He sits up, followed by George.

They get up, Dream leaving the room and stepping into the guest room. He gives a soft chuckle as he realizes he had only spent one night in here, since then he'd been sleeping in George's bed with him. He pulls his suitcase up onto the bed, searching through it for something acceptable.

After checking the weather to make sure it would be nice enough to go out, he pulls on some warmer clothes that he brought.

Dream comes out to the living room, now in jeans and a green zip-up hoodie over a plain tee. George was wearing one of Dream's merch shirts and a pair of shorts.

"You're going to be warm in that." George says, grabbing his wallet, keys, and phone, stuffing them into his pockets.

"It's 65 degrees here. I'm used to 95° in Florida." Dream tells him, grabbing his own things.

George blinks a few times, staring at Dream, who stares at him back with a funny look.

"Oh! Fahrenheit!" George realized, grinning. "I was about to ask how that was possible."

Dream laughs a bit, shaking his head. "I forgot the rest of the world uses Celsius."

"Why do Americans still use Fahrenheit?" George asks, still smiling as he walks towards the front door with Dream.

"Obviously because it's superior." Dream jokes.

"If the whole world disagrees I don't think it can be superior." George says back, unlocking his car and getting in. Dream sits in the passenger seat, rolling his eyes.

"So what're we getting for lunch?" Dream asks, buckling in.

"We could get McDonald's or something you're not familiar with. What do you think?"

Dream clicks his tongue, "Why not," he says, giving George a smile. "Let's get something from somewhere I don't know."

George takes a quick turn onto a new road, grinning. "Pret it is. They've got sandwiches to die for." And then after a beat, "You should look up their menu before we get there, they might be busy."

Dream laughs slightly, pulling out his phone and doing just that. As he scrolls through the menu, he has to admit, it does look really good, even if more than a few of the items weren't anything he'd ever eat. Like, who willingly eats tuna and cucumbers on a sandwich together?

George pulls them up into a space and parks. The two get out and head inside. George was right, they were really busy. Luckily, the line moved fast, even with the continuous flow of customers.

"I'll pay," George tells him when they get to the counter. He pulls out his card as they order.

After getting their food, they head back to George's car. They eat on their way to the Zoo.

"The good thing about coming at this time is that kids are still in school and parents are still at work, so there's like no one around." George tells Dream, giving him a smile.

They get to the admission booth, and George once more insists to pay. As they walk into the zoo, Dream spots a map, and at the side a holder full of pamphlet copies of the map, but with more information about the exhibits. They grab one, looking to see which direction they wanted to go.

"We absolutely have to go into 'The Cave'." George says, pointing to it. "It's dark inside, there's bats, and snakes, and spiders. They also keep it cold for the extra scary affect."

Dream nods in agreement, smiling. "Then we should go through the leopards and lions to get there, I think." He says, showing George the way in the map. They would have to go through the Old and New World monkeys either way.

"Sounds good, let's go."

They head down the path towards the first exhibit. The whole area was covered in leaves and flowers, even on the outside of the exhibits, to give a more natural feel. It was a little more humid than everywhere else.

"A lot of people stop going to zoos when they get older, but I never understood why. Like, how can you get bored of looking at a bunch of animals-"

Dream raises an eyebrow towards him, smiling a bit.

George huffs, "Okay, so it *sounds* boring, but I never felt that way."

Dream laughs, and they stop in front of the information pedestal. They both look through the glass to the monkeys, watching them interact with each other and eat.

Most of the monkeys, in every exhibit, were doing the same thing. But, for them it wasn't boring. Not for George because it wouldn't be for him anyways, but also not for Dream because he was with George, and it was pretty hard to be bored when your boyfriend gets so excited about the animals.

It still makes his heart flutter when he thinks about George being his boyfriend, even if he's been reminded of it almost every other minute of the past 12 hours.

As they leave the monkeys' area, they take their turn at the fork in the path towards the lions.

"Do you think you would ever pet a lion if you got the chance?" Dream asks George as they stares towards the huge one perched on a rock.

"No way. I'm not getting my arm bitten off." George laughs.

"I meant like, if it was okay with being pet." Dream tells him, snickering.

"Dream, I highly doubt any lion wants to be petted." He argues, nudging him with his elbow.

"Your loss. I totally would if I got the chance." Dream says, putting his hand out to pretend he was petting one. "It would love it, and then I would become their king."

George cackles at that, rolling his eyes. "They'd just be tricking you Dream. As soon as they have your trust you'll be their next meal."

Dream wheezes, "George you'd have to save me then."

"What, no way!" George retorts, laughing.

"No, please George, you'd have to save me! You'd have to be my knight in shining armor." Dream jokes, still wheezing his laughter out.

"I'm not getting mauled by lions because you're getting mauled by lions. I promise to say some nice words at your funeral."

"I will haunt you for the rest of your life." Dream tells George, pointing at him.

"You're already haunting me, honestly." George snickers.

"Uncalled for!" Dream says, smacking his shoulder.

Soon they round a corner to be faced with an entry way with big letters saying 'The Cave'.

"Ooh, finally! Hurry up, Dream." George says, hurrying inside the cave.

Dream jogs in after him. As his eyes adjust to the darker room. "Is this a real cave or did they make it?" He asks, moving to George's side.

"I dunno. It's probably fake." George says, rubbing his hands on his arms a bit. Jesus, it felt like 9°C. He was pretty sure it was not this cold last time he was here.

They move to see the bat exhibit. They were all hanging from branches and wires, seemingly sleeping.

When they reached the area for snakes, George suddenly felt something being placed on him, but it was super warm compared to his arms. He turns to Dream, seeing that he had taken off his jacket to put on him.

"Oh my God, this is not some cheesy rom com." He says, although grinning.

"I can take it back if you think you don't need it." Dream teases.

"I think I'd be okay if we were in a rom com." George seemingly changed his mind, pulling the jacket closer to him.

"But aren't you like, freezing now?" George asks after a few seconds.

"Sort of, but I was getting itchy in that." Dream says.

George knew it was a lie, but he also knew Dream was stubborn and it wouldn't change anything to call that out. So instead he rolls his eyes, and leaves it be.

"Yellow is not my color." George says when he sees his reflection in the glass.

Dream gives a snort as he remembers the other's colorblindness, "It's actually green."

"Motherf--"

"And it does look good, by the way." Dream cuts him off, grinning.

By the exit of The Cave, there was an area to take pictures in front of the jagged, shiny grey walls, along with a statue of a bat with its wings spread.

They stand in front of the statue together, making a silly face for Dream to capture with his phone camera.

Dream quickly sets the picture as his phone background, grinning wide.

When they leave The Cave, they're met with one of the food stands. George gets himself a red velvet cookie, and Dream gets a peanut butter brownie. As they eat them, they sit down at a bench to see where else they'll go. They decide on the rest of their route, it ending with the birds' exhibits and zoo shops. George gives Dream his hoodie back, now that they were outside, and he pulls it on.

After some more walking, Dream was debating on grabbing George's hand. He's not that worried about anyone around caring, but he didn't know if George would be.

Dream was about to ask him when George suddenly grabbed his hand instead, pulling him towards the penguins' exhibit with a big grin.

Dream squeezes his hand as he follows, smiling. That settles that.

Some time later they come to a long, clear path. No one around and no exhibits for the area. George gets a playful smile on his face as he lets go of Dream's hand.

"Catch me if you can!" He yells, already sprinting down the path.

Dream stands there for a second, but after he processes it, he's running after George. "Come back here!" He yells in return, laughing.

George is pretty far ahead by now. When he gets to the end of the path, it splitting in a T, he turns right and ducks behind some trees.

Dream's footsteps got louder as he came up closer. George couldn't see him from where he was, though.

"Oh Geooooorrge--" Dream choired.

Getting ready to jump out at him, George gets surprised by arms closing around him.

"Caught you!" Dream yells with a laugh.

"No!" George laughs as well, wiggling away from his grasp. "How did you find me!"

"I could see your pale little legs from a mile away." Dream teased, moving back onto the actual path.

"Yeah well you'd be happy to know your big head can be seen over houses." George shoots back, taking the other's hand in his once more.

"This has been really fun." Dream says as they step into one of the shops with George.

"I'm glad you thought so too." George responds, picking up a stuffed, tie-dye snake. He puts it around his neck, watching as Dream does the same.

They buy the snakes, making their way to the ice cream cart just outside the shop. A lady greets them, and asks what they'd like.

"Choose for me." Dream tells George, pulling out his wallet.

George hums before saying "Two Cadbury bars, please."

Dream holds the amount needed out for the lady. George huffs, having wanted to buy that for them himself. Dream catches the huff, and laughs. He presses a kiss to his cheek, grabbing their ice cream bars and giving George his.

As they turn to leave, the lady tells them "Have a good rest of your date!"

Dream's mouth falls open slightly. He didn't even think about that. Was this a date? He glances to George, who had started eating. He didn't seem fazed by the statement.

It was! It was a date and he didn't even know. He was dead set on making sure their first date went perfect, but now it had already happened when he didn't even know.

He slightly pouts before taking a bite from his own ice cream bar. He wasn't super upset or anything, it's just that now he's not sure if it had went as perfect for George as he would've wanted it to. Of course he himself had had an amazing time!

They were walking through the exit of the zoo when Dream says "So that was our first date.."

George looks up to him, smiling. "It was great. I don't think I could've dreamt of a better one."

Dream grins. Well, that works for him. They finish their ice cream before getting into George's car, heading back to his house.

As George drives, Dream sends the picture they took at The Cave to the group chat. He also leaves a message saying 'First date, basically George took me to the zoo.'

He stares at the picture for a few extra moments, smiling to himself. God, he loved this idiot.

## Chapter End Notes

This turned out longer than I expected but um  
I've been doing nothing but writing and watching Dream Team videos for the past few days. If this is going to be my summer I am not upset.

# Love is Confusing

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I thought you said you knew how to ice skate--" George laughs, helping up Dream.

Dream holds onto the side of the rink with one hand, the other in George's hand.

"Just because I can't keep up with you doesn't mean I can't." He says, huffing, but a smile curls to his lips anyways. Once he was stable on his skates again, they started moving.

"I can't help the fact that you skate like a grandma." George tells him, slightly squeezing his hand with a smirk.

"This may be your thing, George," Dream starts, "But we'll see how you do against me in paintball."

George laughs, "Whatever you say. There's just more of you to shoot, I think I'll dominate that too."

As they skated a little quicker, George, being impatient, tried making Dream go even faster. He was met with him falling on his ass once more.

While snickering and helping him back up, George says "Sorry."

"You should just do a few laps without me." Dream suggests, circling his finger in the air.

George smiled, leaned up and over to kiss Dream's cheek. "Good idea. I'll be back." And with that he sped off.

Dream watches him as he himself slowly moves on his own. He catches a grin on George's face as he sweeps around the turning edges of the rink.

He can't help but smile himself. The other's grin made his stomach flip happily and butterflies fill his veins. No matter how many times he sees that smile, he falls in love with it all over again every time.

Having not been watching where he was going, Dream runs into the side of the rink. He hears George cackle from across the ice. While rolling his eyes and picking himself up once more, Dream skates over to the exit for the rink and plops down at a bench. His ankles hurt, and he was pretty sure he was going to have a blister on the back of his heels.

George stops at the side of the rink next to the bench with Dream. "You good?"

"Yeah, I think I need a break though."

George hums, looking up at a clock on the wall. They have already been here for an hour.

"You want to grab something from the food court and then head up to the paintball field?"

Dream's stomach grumbles at that, and he smiles, nodding. "That sounds good."

They both take off their skates, sliding into their shoes. After returning their skates they head into



the food court. There were only two places to get food, one basically being a really good and underpriced burger joint, and the other a vegetarian restaurant that sells literally anything that would normally have meat in it but with good imitation meat.

They end up getting burgers and fries from the former option, and sit at one of the dinky silver 2 person tables to eat.

After both had finished and they threw away their trash, they were on their way down the street to their next destination.

"Before you get into teams, did you all want to have time to plan strategy, or just go for it?" A short but buff worker asks them, retying her ponytail.

They all agreed to no strategy.

"Alright, let's get into your teams." She points to either sides of the large room.

There were only four of them. George and a woman who was even taller than Dream went to one side, and Dream and a heavily tattooed lady to the other.

They had thought about being on a team together, but, being as competitive as they were, that wasn't going to happen.

They're told that since there were only four of them, they would get to do as many rounds as they wanted for the next hour and a half.

The worker who was talking went to George's team to help them set up, and another comes to Dream's.

As they gear up for protection, they're explained more rules, and told where and where not to shoot at. They're told, to their excitement, that they don't have to be mindful of the obstacles and props-- climb on them, push them around, it didn't matter, just don't break them somehow.

As the teams are getting sent to opposite sides of the field, Dream starts talking with the woman he was teamed with. Her name is Maria and he figures out that she was on a date with her girlfriend, the one on George's team, after he had told her that he was on a date.

"How good are you at paintball?" Dream asks her, to which she grins.

"I've been playing for a long time. I'm not great by any means, but I'm good." Maria says.

George was a little intimidated by the woman on his team. She was very nice and funny, but her whole appearance screams 'Don't get on my bad side'. Her name was Angelica and she tells George she was competing against her girlfriend.

They have a laugh, talking about how competitive their respective partners were.

Suddenly, a horn goes off, stating the game has begun.

"Good luck, rookie." Angelica tells him.

"What? How did you--"

"You're holding the gun wrong." She says, nodding her own up to show him.

George felt his cheeks warm a bit. Damnit, Dream was definitely going to win. He fixes his hold before they set off, going opposite directions.

Despite feeling like he'll lose, he's already having a good time. There was a fun buzzing in his arms and chest as he walks around corners, scoping out for either Dream or his teammate.

It feels like he should be hearing an 'Oh Geooooorrge--' from the other, and it makes the hair on his neck stand up. It feels kind of like a weird Minecraft Manhunt honestly.

Dream was hiding behind a line of tractor tires, watching through them for movement.

He then spots a flash of someone running behind an overturned car. He sprints after, not entirely sure who it was yet.

As he sprints he hears a shot go off a little ways away, and then a loud "Maria!"

He snorts, figuring his teammate just got her girlfriend. Which meant he was running after George. He grins, moving faster.

"Oh George!" Dream yells, pulling his paintball gun up and aiming. He shoots, but misses the other by a few inches.

Having thought about hearing that earlier, George should've expected to actually hear it. But when he did, his heart skips and he sprints out faster. Jesus, it's a little scary in real life.

The paintball flies past him, and he ducks behind a half wall.

Dream laughs loudly as he moves up towards the wall, aiming. By the time he got there, George was gone. What a weasel.

He scopes out the area, keeping his gun ready.

George had crawled from the wall to behind some large metal tube. Going around it as if taking a U-turn, he stays as silent as possible, spotting Dream ahead. He comes up behind him until he's close enough to shoot.

Dream feels the paintball hit his gear right on his back. He turns around quickly to see George, who was grinning widely.

"What did you say earlier about paintball being your game?" George teases.

Not a second later, Dream spots Maria running up. She doesn't waste any time, aiming and then firing at George.

George screams, leaving Dream laughing.

The second round, they switched sides of the field.

Dream is pretty sure that Maria is specifically targeting her girlfriend, because he hears the two women shouting and laughing as shots are put out. But that's no issue for him, he's happy to go after George himself.

Dream doesn't hesitate the moment he spots George. He shoots once, twice, and then the third one splats on the other's side.

The next two rounds go by quickly, and generally Maria and Dream were winning, except for one

Angelica had shot Dream right after he shot George.

The next round was probably the scariest for George. Maria had shot Angelica, he shot Maria, and Dream was now sprinting after him through the field.

"Oh George! Come back here!" Dream shouts, laughing that maniacal laugh of his when he gets super competitive.

"Dream go away!" He yells back, trying to lose him between broken cars and a boat.

He was chased for a good two minutes before two shots hit him, one on his shoulder and the other on his forearm.

"Yes! Let's go!" Dream laughs, running up to him. George had to stand there for a moment, catching his breath. Once Dream was up next to him, he shoots him with a paintball.

"That's not fair! I already shot you!"

Their last round was much slower. They snuck around, keeping an eye out for each other.

Suddenly, Dream was pushed against the fence, hand with his gun pinned to it. He stares at George, who had pinned him, and was grinning up at him.

"Hey." George says, to which Dream smiles a bit, having forgotten they were currently in a paintball match.

"Hey." He says back. George pulls up Dream's paintball mask, to which Dream realizes George had pulled his own off already.

He was about to ask what he was doing, but then his lips were against his, and he wasn't going to break that off. Dream kisses back with a smile.

When George pulls away, they stare at each other lovingly.

Until unexpectedly, Dream feels a shot to his stomach. He looks down, seeing that George had shot him with a paintball.

His mouth drops, and he looks back to him, to see that he was now giving him an evil grin.

"You cheater!"

"It's not cheating!" George laughs, stepping back, "I shot you, fair and square." Dream grumbles at that, but he couldn't stop the grin on his lips.

The two of them walk back to the building, stepping inside to see Angelica and Maria taking their gear off.

"Did you do it?" Angelica asks when she sees them.

"Huh?" Dream questions, looking to George. George laughs, nodding. "It worked."

Dream gasps, pointing at George accusingly. "She told you to do that?"

"I've gotten Maria with it at least twice, I had to share my knowledge." Angelica pipes up with her own mischievous grin.

The four walk up to the desk, where they had a written sheet of their scores based on video footage and the number of paint splatters on their gear.

Dream and Maria are declared the winners, both with 5 points. Angelica had 4 and George also had 4.

They two couples bid each other goodbye before leaving.

As George and Dream walk out, holding hands, Dream points out that the other has paint on his face, to which George moves a hand up, feeling for it. When he feels the paint on his fingers, he moves them off his face and immediately swipes them on Dream's cheek.

"Hey!" Dream shouts, pushing him away and laughing.

They shove each other back and forth as they walk to George's car. They plop into the seats with a sigh, and Dream cracks his back.

"I think that's the most activity I've done in a while." George says, pulling out of the parking lot.

"Yeah. It was really fun though." Dream starts, "I still can't believe that trick you pulled-"

"Oh you loved it, don't lie." George jokes.

"Just 'cause I love you doesn't mean I love your dirty little tricks." Dream says, laughing.

George's hands tighten on the steering wheel. He hasn't heard Dream say 'I love you' since before they started dating. It was a bit of a whiplash, and he has to clear his throat a bit to keep himself grounded.

They rode silently for a bit. George was starting to freak out inside his head. Did Dream mean to say it? Did he love Dream back? Sure, he loved him because he meant so much to him but the implications of 'love' when you're dating are different. He liked him, 110%, but did he *love* him?

It hasn't even been a week, was he thinking about this too much? He doesn't have to say it back, right?

"George!"

He snaps out of himself, seeing that he'd been sitting at a green light. He starts moving, rubbing his face with a sigh.

"Is something wrong?" Dream asks him, sitting up.

George opens his mouth to say 'Its nothing' until he remembers their blow up a few days prior for him doing just that. He clears his throat, "Maybe. But I'm not entirely sure myself."

Dream stares at him for a few moments. "You know you can talk about it."

"Can we just... Talk about it back at my place?" He asks, trying to stall for time to figure out what exactly was wrong and what he wanted to say.

Dream agrees with a worried hum, but says nothing more. The rest of the ride wasn't as comfortably silent as it had been.

As soon as they had stepped foot through George's door, George was pulling Dream towards the couch. He sits them both down before bringing him into a kiss, holding his cheeks in his hands.

Dream seems a little confused, but plays along. He kisses back, gently putting his arms around George.

They kiss for a good few minutes until George's pulls away.

That didn't help him at all. He thought that maybe if he thought hard enough about it, and he kissed him, he'd know, but nothing happened for him.

"What was that?" Dream asks, softly rubbing his back.

"I feel stupid." George sighs.

"What? What do you mean?" Dream questions, looking him in the eyes.

"In the car, you said 'I love you', but I can't--"

Dream cuts him off with a groan, "Goddamnit. I didn't mean to say that. I'm sorry, I know it's way too fast to say that."

"No, it's.." George takes in a breath. "It's okay. I'm just, kinda freaked out because I don't know.. if I... love.. you?" He says cautiously, like he felt he would hurt the other's feelings. "I don't want to make you think that I don't *like* you like that, but I've never even been in love, I have no fricken clue how to feel, I can barely understand what I feel right now anywa--"

Dream presses a soft kiss to his lips to shush him. "Hey, it's okay. Like I said, I probably said that way too early. I didn't mean to freak you out. You don't have to say it or think it or anything, I promise."

George feels his chest loosen, and butterflies filling his stomach once more. He smiles, pushing Dream onto his back and leaning over, peppering kisses across his face. Dream laughs, trying to push him away.

Yeah, even if he didn't love him now, George had a feeling he would soon.

## Chapter End Notes

honestly I don't know much about paintball so if anything is wrong then just pretend I'm right lmao

# Carnival Scare

## Chapter Notes

oooooh my God, over 1k hits???? thank you guys so much for all the kudos too!!!

Soon came much quicker than he expected.

George was sitting on the couch the next day, Dream's head in his lap. He was gently running his fingers through the dark blond hair, smiling as he watches the TV. Dream had fallen asleep a bit ago.

George looks down at him, a smile still on his lips. He still can't believe he's together with him. Literally a Dream come true.

He snorts at the thought, but then forces himself to be quiet, not wanting to wake Dream.

He stares at him for a while longer, fingers still combing his hair.

'I love you.' George thinks. He grins to himself. He doesn't think he can say it out loud, or even say out loud that he acknowledges it, all he can do for now is realize for himself.

And realize he did.

He's thought before he'd been 'in love', but it never felt right (in hindsight he knew it hadn't been love). He went through the motions, but their puzzle pieces just didn't fit. The woman he had been with was amazing, but he couldn't really feel the love he was trying to show.

One of his biggest issues, that he feels contributed to him having not been in love before, was that he didn't know his sexuality until last year. Having a girlfriend is what had helped him figure it out.

Sure, labels can be bad and he could've just went with the flow, but some people don't work that way. And he was one of them. He felt like he needed to know or he would be incomplete.

So maybe not figuring himself out until he was 22 had been why he hadn't really loved. How are you supposed to love someone if you don't even know if you're attracted to them?

After years of research and having the best girlfriend he could have ever asked for, he'd landed with the fact that he was gay. The only people who knew, before he started dating Dream, had been his girlfriend turned ex (who was very supportive) and an old friend. Him and his old friend had caught up one night after he had found George on Facebook. His old friend told him he had learned he was gay a few years back, to which George, having just figured out himself, excitedly told him he had just found out himself.

It ended in a weird friends with benefits deal, until George broke it off as he started doing YouTube.

Dream shifts in his sleep, softly snoring but looking ethereal. George was brought back to the present, and he rubs a thumb on his boyfriend's cheek.

And then his smile slowly turns downwards. Dream had to leave soon. He hadn't even thought about that since the other had gotten here, the fact that he'd have to leave. It sucked, but he'd have to deal with it. Having never been in a long distance relationship before, he was a little worried. It had already sucked when he couldn't see Dream in real life as *friends* but being together would, he could only assume, make it harder.

He takes a moment to think, he had the rest of today, all of tomorrow, and then Dream had to leave the next day at Noon. That sounded like a lot of time, around 45 hours, but he had to take into consideration that they'd probably sleep for a good 18 hours of it, leaving 27 hours or so for them to do things. And that doesn't even include however long Dream will spend napping today.

George pulls out his phone, going online and looking for more things for them to do. They've went to the Zoo, the ice rink, and the paintball field. There wasn't too much more around to do. He was going to give up until he sees his local fair is up. That's probably a great idea, actually. It's a cliché date, but it's cliché because it's amazing.

Dream wakes up, yawning and stretching out before blinking up to see George. The other is looking down at him with a smile, and he smiles back.

"Morning sleepyhead." George says, looking back to his phone.

Dream laughs softly, sitting up with a crack in his spine. "What time is it?"

"Almost five." George says, stretching himself not that he can move without waking the other.

"You let me nap for two hours?" Dream asks, although smiling.

"What? Why would I wake you up?" George asks, eyebrows up.

"Naps are only supposed to be like 30 minutes long." Dream chuckled, grabbing his phone as he leans on George.

"What? A nap is just... Sleeping any time except at night." George disagreed.

"I mean, you can call it that." Dream states, looking up 'how long should a nap be' on Google. "But here, look." He shows him his phone, it saying as he said.

"I'm not forcing my naps to only be 30 minutes. That's torture." George says back, laughing.

Dream laughs too, albeit rolling his eyes. They sit and watch the TV for a bit before George asks "Are you hungry?"

Dream says yes, and he follows George to his kitchen. George hums as he looks through his cabinets.

"I can make pizza." He says, pulling out a packet of instant dough mix.

"Sure. Can I help?" Dream asks, leaning on the counter.

George shoots him a smile, "That would actually be helpful." He tosses two packs onto his counter.

They wash their hands and Dream hums as he searches for a bowl. Once he has it, he sets it down and George pours the contents into it. He goes to get the water they needed. Dream looks around until he grabbed some spices, tossing garlic pepper, ground Italian herbs, and onion powder into it.

George pours the water in, then starts mixing it. They cover the bowl with a wet dish towel and let it sit for ten minutes as they talked.

Once the timer goes off Dream washes one of the counters before spreading flour on it.

Once it was ready, George puts the blob of dough on the flour. He grabs a rolling pin, and Dream starts rolling it out. George grabs a circular pan, as well as the sauce, mozzarella cheese, and pepperoni.

"Do you know how to toss the dough?" George asks him.

"Nah, never even tried I don't think." Dream says.

George leans over, grabbing the thinning out crust. He tosses it into the air, grinning. He does it a few times as he watches Dream watch him.

"How'd you learn to do that?" Dream asks him. George laughs lightly as he sets the dough in the pan.

"I actually learned from a friend who used to work at a pizza shop. I screwed up so many batches of dough before I got the hang of it." George chuckles at the thought.

They spread the sauce on, as well as the cheese and pepperoni. Once it was finished, George tosses it in the oven and puts twenty five minutes on a timer.

The two of them go to the couch and watch YouTube while they wait. Dream gets up to check on it when the timer goes off, and puts five more minutes on.

Soon enough they had each a plate with two pieces of pizza, chowing down side to side as they watched *Night at the Museum*.

"I was thinking maybe we go to a carnival tonight?" George puts out there when they finished.

"That sounds fun. Why tonight though?" Dream asks, sitting back.

"They stop letting children in when it gets dark, and keep it open for a few hours for adults." George tells him, smiling. Trying to go on a cute date with children running around screaming didn't seem amazing.

"That's pretty cool. When do you want to leave?" Dream asks, putting an arm around George as he sits back.

"Maybe we just leave when its starting to get dark?" He suggested, leaning on him.

"Sounds like a plan." Dream agrees.

George quickly looks up to him, "And I'm not going to make you get on any rides you don't want to. There's a lot of things to do other than just being swung high in the air."

Dream smiles, leaning over and kissing him. It's really cute George remembered he was afraid of heights and cared enough to actually do something different for him.

Around 8:30pm, the sun had started to set. They get up and leave, arriving at the carnival at 9, just as a worker was putting up a sign that said 'No more children under 18, come back tomorrow'.



They get up to the booth, and after playfully fighting on who got to pay, they decided to buy each other's tickets as compromise. The fair was very pretty in the dark, lights flashing and music and smells coming from every corner.

They move towards the first games set up, debating on what they wanted to do. They played ring toss, darts, and some obscure games.

At one point Dream excitedly pulls George to one of the rides, it being probably the only one he was going to agree on being on. Literally every ride's premise is the height factor. This one's was as well, but it kept lowest to the ground. Plus, he used to take his little sister on this kind of ride because it was her favorite. The chair swing ride ended up becoming his favorite too. Perhaps because it's the only one he really rode, but also it gave him that adrenaline rush he liked without it becoming really scary.

George laughs slightly at Dream's eagerness, and follows him. He doesn't question him, figuring he wouldn't look so excited for a ride he didn't want to get on. The lines aren't super long, thanks to the no kids after dark rule. They got on, followed by others, and then the ride started.

Dream had that drop of his stomach, but he was grinning. It was very fun, wind in his face to the point that he almost couldn't see.

As they got off, George grabs for Dream's hand, feeling the other's goosebumps. He looks to him, grinning when Dream grins down at him.

"That was fun. I think it gets more fun every time I ride it." He chuckles slightly, and they walk to new games.

Dream wins a stuffed alligator, and gives it to George. George, in turn, wins himself a stuffed sloth, giving that to Dream.

They went back and forth, winning each other little prizes. It might've been stupid, they both even said it a few times, but they were having way too much fun to care if it really was.

As they're nearing the point of having done all the games they wanted to, they head to grab some carnival food.

They share a funnel cake and each get a small cotton candy. Dream keeps seeing George glancing at the ferris wheel. He spends some time trying to convince himself to go on it with George.

It was probably the third highest ride, but it wasn't one made to give you a huge adrenaline rush, not for most people anyway. It was slow, and this one was one of those that had fully enclosed seats so you couldn't fall out if you tried. It was still a little scary looking though.

"I think I want to go on the ferris wheel." Dream says as they throw away their trash.

"What? It's like, tall as hell." George says, taking Dream's hand in his.

"Sure, but it's slow." Dream points out, shrugging, leading them towards the line. His heart was already thudding.

"Are you sure?" George asks him, rubbing his thumb over Dream's.

"I think I'll be okay. And I'll have you there." He says, giving George a smile.

George chuckles slightly, "Okay." He turns, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

They were getting loaded into the last cart. George intentionally has Dream go in first so he's not near the door of it. As they sit down, Dream grabs his hand tightly.

When he could see them going up, he decides to not look out through the glass, instead he looks at George. He was staring out into the sky, smiling softly.

Dream felt some of his tension roll away, not all of it, but some. He couldn't stop himself from breaking George's stare by putting his hand over his jaw, turning him to face him.

While pressing a kiss to his boyfriend's lips, he felt a hand cup the back of his neck. They kiss softly for a couple moments until they pull away.

"I.." Dream starts, he sighs softly instead of finishing it, instead leaning back in to press a quick kiss to his lips.

George just grins at him. His heart feels like it's going to burst, and he feels like he should say something. He's so happy to have Dream here, he's so happy that this has worked out. He thinks about Dream having told him he loves him.

"I love you." George blurts out.

"You--" Dream blinks a few times. His face feels like it's going to split in half from how wide he was grinning.

George's cheeks go a deep red, and he drops his head onto Dream's shoulder. Dream kisses the side of his head, "Love you too." He says.

As their ride goes around for the last time, it moves even slower. George takes the opportunity to take a picture. He holds up his phone, making sure to get the sky in the back of the picture. Dream kisses his cheek as he takes it. Once he looked at it, he changes it to his phone background. Yes, he knows Dream had done the same with a picture of them a couple days ago. Yes, he wanted to be that couple with those pictures as their backgrounds. No, he wasn't going to listen to the 'thats gay' comments because frankly, even though he is, he's seen many of his straight friends do the same.

As they step out, Dream has to bring George to a bench to sit at so that he can calm his racing heart. He's never been on a ferris wheel before, and that was probably the best first time on one he could have asked for, but Jesus Christ it halfway gave him a heart attack. He's surprised he didn't puke.

They're laying in George's bed, cuddling, foreheads together and limbs tangled.

"You leave tomorrow." George tells him after he sees it's past midnight.

Dream hides his frown by nuzzling into the other's neck. "Yeah." He says, hugging George close. He didn't want to leave this.

They fall asleep in silence, hugged tight onto each other.

# Free Samples

## Chapter Notes

I want to say thank you for all your support so far! We are nearing the end of this, and I just want to say that I've found my love of writing again from having started this story. Thank you to all my readers again <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wakes up to his face stuffed into a pillow instead of, say, George's chest. As he sits up, wondering where the other went, he takes note that it's almost 10AM. With a yawn, he throws his feet over the side of the bed and stands up, stretching as he makes his way out of his room.

He hears some commotion in the kitchen, and he's shuffling down the hallway until he's at the entrance.

"Morning." Dream says, watching George juggle four pans at once.

George looks at him, and his concentrated look turns soft. He smiles, "Good morning."

"Whatcha making?" Dream asks, looking over the stove.

"Breakfast, duh." George says, grinning as he turns back to the pans.

Dream rolls his eyes, coming up and pressing a kiss to George's cheek as he goes to the fridge. He grabs himself a bottle of water.

"You want help?" Dream asks.

"Nope. I'm making this for you."

Dream chuckles, wrapping his arms around the other's waist from behind. "How cute."

"It's not cute--" George says, cheeks pinkening. "It's just a loving boyfriend making his big dumb boyfriend food."

"Well this big dumb boyfriend thinks it's very cute." Dream kisses his head before going off to the living room.

George is very happy he doesn't burn the food, especially after Dream coming in and talking like that. He plates some eggs, ham, pours baked beans over buttered toast, and then two sausage links for each. Once he was finished, he brought the plates out to the living room, setting one down in front of Dream.

Dream looks at the plate, "Why're there beans?"

"I expected a thank you, but okay." George says, though there was nothing behind his words but a smile. "This is an English Breakfast. We eat baked beans on toast. Just like you eat..." George narrows his eyes for a moment, thinking, "hash browns."

"You can't diss hash browns." Dream says, grinning as he scoots up so he can eat. "And thank you, a lot." He leans over, kissing his cheek once George had sat down.

George chuckled, turning the TV on. "You'll be happy I made sausage instead of black pudding, like I originally was going to."

"What's black pudding?" Dream asks, taking a bite of his food.

George grins, and shrugs, "Oh you know, bread, oatmeal, pigs blood--"

"Ew!" Dream says, almost spitting out his egg.

George laughs, grabbing his fork. "One day you'll have to try it, but I didn't want to give you a heart attack on your first trip here."

"I doubt I will ever try that." Dream says, laughing a bit, "Maybe if it was for money."

George snickers at this, "What's something you'll never, ever eat, even for a million dollars?"

Dream hums, thinking. He wasn't very picky, even if he didn't like a certain food he'd still eat it.

"Oysters. They are slimy, they smell, and I once choked on one when I was fifteen. They are the bane of my existence." Dream says, giving a dramatic shudder.

George snorts, "I'm glad you didn't die to an oyster, so you can be here with me."

"What about you? Anything you'd never eat?" Dream asks, smiling.

"Definitely liver. I would be caught dead before I touched it ever again." George says, shaking his head. "My mum had a phase where she loved it, she tried sneaking it into everything. It was pretty awful when you ate something good, then she tells you it had liver, and you like, projectile vomit from realizing."

Dream wheezes, laughing at that. "I highly doubt you projectile vomited."

George snorts, shrugging his shoulders, "You'd be surprised."

As Dream was finishing his plate, George grabbed his own now empty one, taking it to the kitchen and grabbing a glass of orange juice.

"Do we have plans for today?" Dream asks as he stands, taking his now empty plate to the kitchen.

George hums, shaking his head. "Nothing." He sits down on the couch, leaning back. "Is there anything you want to do?"

Dream comes back out and stands at the entrance to the living room, leaning against the wall to his side.

"Well, I still have more money I was going to spend here. Maybe we go window shopping?" Dream suggests.

"Oh, that's actually a cool idea. A couple streets from here there's like, blocks and blocks of stores right next to each other. You want to go now?" George says, sitting up.

Dream smiles to him, nodding, "Sure. I'll get ready." He leaves to the guest room, where he changes.

George gets ready in his room, coming out soon after. He smiles at Dream, who's wearing his green zip-up hoodie. They leave the house, making their way down the street.

"I wish I didn't have to leave tomorrow." Dream chuckles, snaking his hand into George's, locking their fingers together as they walked.

"We could face time every day." George says, grinning to him.

"I think that's what we'll have to do." Dream says, swinging their hands slightly.

Their phones ding at the same time. Dream pulls his out to check the notification, seeing it was from their group chat.

"Sapnap is calling Bad a simp." Dream tells George, who snorts in response. Then, his eyebrows scrunch together at another ding.

'Buying you food is not simping' Bad responds.

Dream types back as George pulls his own phone out. 'How are you buying him food?' Dream asks.

'i sort of flew out to see him' Sap responds. Dream and George share a look at each other confused.

'really? why didnt you tell us D=' George asks.

'youre just jealous he didn't fly out to you' Bad puts in.

'nah, you're the only one who knows how to control him' George puts back.

'I don't need to be controlled!' Sapnap texts in response.

'uh oh, Bad, control him' Dream sends with a laughing emoji, giggling slightly out loud as he does.

'now YOUre just jealous I didnt fly out to you.' Sap sends.

'sure, sure. you two have fun!' Dream says before shoving his phone back in his pocket.

"Those two are weird." George says, laughing slightly.

They walk into a street, buzzing with people, and start walking down the fronts of the stores.

They stop into a few, but there's not much they want to buy. Suddenly, Dream is tugging George across the street.

"Where're we going?" George asks.

"They have free cake samples for engaged couples." Dream says, pointing to a sign next to a cake shop.

"Okay and?" George says, not following what he was going for.

"Let's get some free cake!" Dream tells him.

"We aren't engaged--" George rolls his eyes, laughing.

"They don't know that." Dream says, stopping just outside the door.

"Neither of us have a ring, they would know." George says, crossing his arms. Though, he was

smiling. Dream was fucking chaotic, but he liked it.

"Say it didn't fit, you're getting it resized."

"What, so in this scenario you proposed to me?" George says, raising his eyebrows.

"Obviously." Dream says, taking George's hand again. "You wouldn't have the balls to."

George feigns offence, but he couldn't stop a laugh from bubbling out of him. "Okay, okay, fine."

"So, free cake samples?" Dream asks.

"Yeah, let's get some free cake samples, *honey* ." George says, laughing as he pulls Dream into the shop.

Dream walks up to the counter with George, who looks at him as if to say 'it was your idea, you say something'.

Dream clears his throat, "We saw your sign about the samples, and we were wondering if you guys were still doing it?"

The lady behind the counter smiles cheerfully, nodding. "Yes! Can I ask when is your guys' wedding day?" She asks as she grabs a clipboard and a paper and pen.

"Its--" George starts, squeezing Dream's hand.

"Actually, it's exactly a year from today." Dream says, looking at his phone.

"Well congratulations! I sure hope that you choose one of our cakes for your special day." She says, beckoning them towards a table in the corner. She seats them and hands over the clipboard.

"That's all the flavors we have available for wedding cakes. We only use vanilla frosting for taste testing though." She says, pointing to the list. "I'll be right out with the first few." And with that, she walks behind the counter and then into the kitchen.

"This feels so wrong." George says, looking at the paper.

"Hey, if they didn't want people to trick them they could have made us show some kind of proof." Dream tells him.

George laughs, nudging Dream. "You're, like, a scammer."

"What! Says you you little scamming weasel." Dream nudges him back.

The lady comes back out, holding four mini cubes of cake, each about three inches tall and wide. She sets them down in front of them along with two forks. Then, she sets off back to the kitchen.

George and Dream clink their forks before taking a bite of the chocolate.

"Damn, that's good." Dream says, humming.

"I mean, they are a cake shop." George smiles, going for the vanilla next.

The woman comes back out with four more cake samples, setting them down. "Those are all of them. If you need anything, don't be afraid to give a holler." And with that she leaves again.

"Are we allowed to tip for free samples?" George says, taking a bite of red velvet.

"I think we have to if we don't want to go to hell." Dream snickers, taking his own bite.

"Oh, my God. I would have a wedding just to get this cake." George says, pushing the piece of lemon cake to Dream. Dream takes a bite, and he smiles, nodding.

"I think my favorite is this chocolate raspberry." Dream says, taking another bite out of it.

"Here, try this one." George says, picking up a little strawberry cake cube and holding it up for Dream to bite out of. As Dream takes the bite, George intentionally smooshes some of it on the other's mouth, laughing. Some pink strawberry cake pieces stuck onto his face now.

"I can't believe you did that." Dream says, sighing for affect. He reaches over to grab a napkin, but while George was cracking up, he grabs a different piece of cake and smooshes some against his mouth in return.

"Hey!" George yells, laughing harder as he tries pushing Dream away from making his face even more messy with the cake.

"Glad you two love birds like the cake."

Both of them freeze, and turn their attention to the woman from earlier, who was grinning widely. She laughs, putting more napkins on the table.

"If you two decide to have our cake at your wedding, we like to throw in cake toppers for free. There's pictures on our website, and we'd love a review if you have the time." She tells them, setting down a business card.

Dream starts wiping off his face with a napkin, "Thank you very much. We love your guys' cakes." He gives her a smile, and she bids them a good day before leaving.

"I'm going to have cake stains on my face forever." George says, using his phone's camera to clean off his face.

Dream laughs, having cleaned off his. "You started it, I don't know why you're complaining."

George grins, rolling his eyes. He pulls out his wallet once his face was clear, and he grabs out five Pounds.

Dream hums, and grabs out five Pounds of his own, setting it on top of George's on the table. He wasn't exactly sure of the calculation between dollars and pounds, but he wasn't too worried about it, he already converted the money he planned to use into pounds for his trip.

They both slip out of the cake shop, giggling to each other as they walk around the corner.

"I can't believe we did that." George says.

"That's probably the best thing we could've done for my last day here." Dream snickers, putting an arm around George's shoulders.

"I love you." Dream hums to him, and George smiles, turning his head and saying "I love you too" into his shoulder.

They walk down the street on one side, before going back up it on the other.

Back at George's house, Dream insists on making them grilled cheese for a late lunch. He doesn't let George help, instead shooing him out of the kitchen.

George ends up on a video call with his mother as he waits. She asks how it's going with Dream there, and he realizes he hasn't told her the news yet.

"Actually, Mum, there's something you should know--"

Dream is out in the living room in a split second, grinning. He hops onto the couch, coming into view of the camera.

"Hi Miss Davidson!"

"Hi Clay!" She says back, smiling. "What did you want to tell me, hun?"

"Yeah, what did you want to tell her, *hun*?" Dream grins at him, and George's cheeks go deep red.

"Ughh," he groans, and his mother laughs lightheartedly.

"What he means is that we're dating." Dream says, getting up and going back into the kitchen.

"I knew it would happen." She says, waving her hand.

"Mother!" George shouts, hiding his face behind his hand.

"What? It's mother's intuition." She tells him.

Dream finishes the grilled cheese as George gets off his call. Bringing their plates out, Dream sits on the couch next to him. "Bon appetit."

George leans over, kissing his cheek. "We have to tell your mum next, you know."

Dream's grin turns into a groan, and George cackles.

"I still have her number, maybe I should just call her." George laughs, picking up his grilled cheese.

They both eat, turning on some of their friends' YouTube videos. After they had finished, George having asked Dream multiple times how he made the grilled cheeses taste like they came from a five star restaurant, they cuddled up on the couch.

Dream puts an arm around George as he pulls up his mom's contact. He calls her, as she doesn't do video chats. When she picks up, he puts it on speaker.

"Hey Ma, I'm still here at George's. Wanted to call and see how you were doing."

They chat for a few minutes, George speaking up as well whenever he was to.

"Alright, well I've got to go, text me on your flight home tomorrow, yeah?" She says.

"Actually, before you go, I wanted to tell you that George and I..."

She stays silent on her end, and Dream takes in a breath, "Mom, George is my boyfriend now."



"Only now?"

"What?" Dream asks.

"I thought you guys have been together for a while."

George bursts out laughing, and Dream can't help but laugh too.

"No, no, just a few days ago." Dream assures her, and she laughs herself.

As they end the call, George kisses Dream's cheek, grabbing his hand. "It's like everyone saw it but us."

"You couldn't see it because you're colorblind." Dream jokes.

"I revoke my kiss." George teases back.

Dream pulls him into a kiss, and they both giggle into it before pulling away. "Can't revoke that."

"I can and I do." George tells him, pecking his lips after, "But not that one."

"You're an idiot." Dream laughs, grabbing him and pulling him over as he lays back, holding George on top of him, arms hugged around him.

George rests his chin on Dream's chest, looking up at him with a smile. Then, it falters.

"I'm going to miss you." George says to him.

Dream sighs softly, rubbing his back. "I'll miss you too." He moves a hand up, gently pushing hair from George's face.

"Love you." George says quietly, leaning into his hand.

"Love you too." Dream kisses his forehead.

They lay together like that, attention turned back to the TV, for a couple hours. After that, they get up and decide to play some Minecraft.

Dream gets on his laptop that he brought, and George uses his own laptop. They sit on the couch together as they play. They did vanilla 1.15, trying to beat it. It started out pretty calm, but by the time they were in the nether they were yelling and wheezing about what bad luck they were having.

When George gets the last hit on the dragon, they see it's turned 6pm. George suggests they go out to eat for supper, and they agree to go to a Sushi bar.

After arriving, they get seated in a booth together. George goes on about what he finds to be the best Sushi here, and tells Dream the differences that they had.

Dream can't remember the last time he had Sushi, so he wasn't sure what to get. George reminds him that sushi is his own favorite food, and he tells Dream prefers their Spicy Tuna Rolls the most, but the Nigiri comes close second.

They agree to get a few different kinds, and to share.

Turns out that Dream does not appreciate Spicy Tuna Rolls, but he does find the Nigiri sushi they

got to be pretty good.

George pays for their food, and Dream pays for the tip. They leave with a baggie of their extra sushi, going back to George's home.

Once there, they both change into comfy clothes, George having stolen one of Dream's shirts to wear. Dream just chuckles at it, pulling George into a quick kiss, holding him at his hips.

"You look like you're wearing a nightgown."

"It's not that long!" George retaliates, holding out the hem. It really wasn't, but Dream liked messing with him.

"Mhm, you tell yourself that." He says, "Either way it's cute."

"Don't call me cute," George huffs, crossing his arms.

"Oh come on, you are!" Dream says, cupping the other's warming cheeks. "Very cute."

George rolls his eyes, laughing a little and ducking his head, moving from Dream's hold towards the couch.

"You're insufferable." George says, plopping onto the couch, Dream following suit.

"Aw thanks, you too." He teased, taking one of his hands into his two.

Together they watch a movie, picking it apart and laughing at it. Once it was over, they decided to retire to bed.

There, they cuddled as close together as they could, chests together, arms around each other, legs tangled below, George's face tucked into Dream's neck, and eyes closed. It was silent except for each other's breathing and a soft trickle of rain outside.

Neither wanted to fall asleep, knowing the next day Dream would have to leave. They had both set their alarms for 6 in the morning. Even though that's way earlier than either cared to wake up, they wanted to spend as much time together before George had to take Dream to the airport at 11AM.

Both had fought off sleep for at least an hour before they could no longer. George mumbled a few things into Dream's neck, and then he was out. Dream hums a soft "I love you," before he also falls asleep.

## Chapter End Notes

uhhh I don't know anything about sushi or British currency I'm just looking shit up  
hoping I get it right lmao

# Beginnings and Endings

## Chapter Notes

### HERE WE GO LAST CHAPTER

I have never finished a multi-chapter fic, ever. It's always been one shots and two chapters of forgotten stories. But the support I got made me feel so good about my writing. I loved doing this story, it was so fun to learn how much happiness I can get out of writing. I love everyone who read, left kudos, and commented.

p.s. I don't know how airports work I've never been in one forgive me

### ON WITH THE SHOW

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Two alarms blared at 6 in the morning. George groans, almost a whine, as he snuggles closer to Dream.

Dream doesn't even open his eyes before he's reaching over and grabbing his phone, fumbling to snooze it. He sets it back down, but George's was still going off.

However it seemed George went halfway back to sleep, even with the alarm.

"George, your alarm." Dream says, shaking him slightly. George grumbles, not moving. Dream sighs, and sits up, reaching over George and grabbing his phone to dismiss the alarm. He's already too awake now to go back to sleep, so he stays sitting up and rubs his eyes with a yawn.

George tugs at Dream's shirt, peeking one eye open to look at him. "Lay back down."

Dream looks back at George, and gives him a smile. He leans down, kissing his temple. "I'm going to go take a shower, you can sleep in."

George hums softly, and waves him off. Once Dream had left the room, George gets up quickly. He pulls on new clothes and hurries out of the house. He leaves Dream a text saying 'brb' and hops in his car.

Yesterday after their cake testing, George had ordered a mini chocolate raspberry cake for today without Dream's knowledge. He drives down to the store, picks it up, and then hurries into a jewelery store nearby. It feels kind of stupid, his next idea, but it would mean a lot to him, and he hoped it would to Dream as well. He picks up two bracelets, which were called distance bracelets. He's seen them before, long distance couples buy them a lot. The pair he picked out were blue and green. He had to ask a worker to make sure the green one he was buying was actually green, and once he was sure he got them put in cute little white boxes. His would have the blue beaded one that has a single green bead, and Dream's would be the opposite, green with one blue.

After buying them, George checks his phone, and he's pretty sure Dream was still in the shower since he hadn't responded. He makes his way back home quickly, coming in as quietly as possible. When he hears the shower still on, he puts the cake on the table, as well as the boxes. He grabs two small plates, forks, and a knife. Yes, it was early in the morning, but cake for breakfast is just

something you can do when you're an adult and you want to.

Once that was all ready, George grabs his phone and sits back on the couch, waiting with a smile on his lips.

Dream gets out of the shower a few minutes later, humming as he dries off his hair. After he tugs on clean clothes, he steps out of the bathroom and heads towards George's room. When he doesn't see him in there, he turns around and goes to the living room.

George was sitting up as he heard Dream walk down the hall. He grins as the other comes into view.

Dream raises his eyebrows, walking over and looking at the table. "What's this?"

"A sort of going away thing?" George says, shrugging his shoulders.

Dream sits on the couch, looking at the cake and eyeing the boxes. "Did you just go get this?"

"Yeah. I ordered the chocolate raspberry you liked." George says, pulling the cake forwards a bit and popping off the plastic lid.

Dream kisses his cheek, grinning. "You're the best. I'm going to have a sugar crash later, but it's worth it." He says.

George grins, slicing off a part of cake and putting it on a plate for Dream before doing it again for himself. Dream takes his plate, and he takes a bite, rolling his eyes back dramatically with a hum of "Delicious."

George chuckles, taking a bite off his plate. It really is good.

"I also bought us something. You don't have to wear it, I don't know if it's something you'd want to but.." George grabs a little box, and holds it out. He pulls off the top, showing Dream. As he hands it over, he grabs the other box, and opens it.

"They're--" George starts.

"Distance bracelets." Dream finishes for him, grinning. "That's actually fucking cute. I love it." He says, picking up the green beaded one out of the box he was holding.

George pulls the blue one onto his wrist, grinning wide. "I'm really glad you like it,"

Dream pulls the green one onto his wrist, and then cups George's face and pulls him into a kiss.

George kisses back softly, and they share the moment slowly together. When they pull away, Dream's eyes are watering. George's smile fades, and he moves a hand up, softly swiping his thumb under his eye.

"I'm going to miss you." Dream says softly.

"We'll still get to talk every day." George assures him, pecking his lips. He smiles sadly, watching Dream blink away his tears.

"I love you." Dream says, taking one of George's hands as he sits back and breathes in deeply to ground himself again.

"I love you too." George tells him, squeezing his hand.

After finishing their mini cake, George puts the small bit of it left in his fridge. The two of them eat some toast to balance out the sugar just a little. They sit and talk together on the couch, cuddled up under a blanket with each other. The hours go by way too fast, them watching YouTube and shows; before they know it, it's 10:30.

Dream's alarm goes off, telling him to make sure all of his things were packed and to start getting ready to leave. With a sigh, he untangles himself from George's hold and goes into the guest bedroom, checking for all his things. After stuffing everything inside, and putting his green zip-up hoodie on top in his suit case, he stares at it. A few moments later he pulls it back out again and shuts his suitcase. Dream turns around to see George at the door.

"Turn around." Dream says to him.

"What? Why?" George says, but he's turning around anyways. A moment later he feels something being put on his shoulders.

He looks down and sees yellow sleeves of a hoodie, and he realizes it was Dream's green one. He turns around, holding it close around him, but with a confused look.

"I want you to take it. Next time we see each other I'll take it back, maybe give you a different one." Dream says, grinning.

George's face reddens and he wraps his arms around Dream, hugging him tight. "Thank you."

When he pulls away, George puts the hoodie on properly. He looks up at Dream with a smile, and kisses his chin.

"Very nice. I wouldn't wear it during streams if I were you though." Dream says, rubbing a hand on George's shoulder.

"Why?" George asks, laughing a bit confused.

"It's obviously big on you. I think our fans would speculate something is up." Dream laughs.

"Oh my God, I haven't even thought about that. Are we going to say something?" George questions.

"I don't know. I don't think we have to any time soon." Dream says, giving a shrug, "But if we aren't careful they'll know. Some of those people are crazy intuitive."

George snickers, and nods, understanding. "Yeah, I don't think I want to say anything right now. I mean, I'm still getting used to it myself."

Dream chuckles, and pulls George into a hug. "You can say that again. I still have a mini heart attack every time you say 'I love you'."

"It almost feels wrong to say it so... Openly. You realize now why I didn't say it often before, right?" George hums.

Dream nods, gently playing with George's hair. "I understood even before this. It's not easy to say, for any reason really."

Dream's alarm goes off again, and he sighs as he pulls away. He turns off his alarm, it saying it

was 10:55.

"We should get going." Dream says softly, as if, if the other didn't hear it, it wasn't true. But George hears, and he nods, his lips turning down slightly.

George moves off to grab his keys and wallet. He grabs Dream's carry-on bag for him, and they walk out to his car.

Once they were on the road, George takes one of Dream's hands in his left, continuing to drive with his right one. Their hands were locked together tightly, the feeling of dread getting deeper and deeper as they passed by road signs. Neither said anything once they had gotten in the car until about halfway there, ten minutes in.

"I'm going to start saving up money for you to come down to Florida as soon as I get home." Dream says, squeezing his hand. "If I do it right I might be able to fly you out in two months."

George smiles, rubbing his thumb over Dream's. "Don't force it. I'll save up too, but don't go broke trying to get me out there." He chuckles softly.

"I won't, I won't. It's just.. it's like I'm already missing you." Dream sighs, pushing back in his seat with a frown.

They both fall into another silence, this staying until George is pulling into the airport parking lot.

Neither look at each other directly as they grab Dream's luggage and start walking in, hands going back together as soon as they could.

"I know I've already said it like 100 times but I'm going to miss you." George says, voice soft and almost cracking.

"I'm going to miss you too." Dream says, and they stop at the side of a wall, out of the way of other people.

George turns to him, and pulls him into a tight hug. His hands were shaking slightly.

Dream sighs into George's hair, eyes closed as he holds him close. He then hears a soft hiccup.

"If you cry I'm going to cry." Dream says, but his eyes were already filling with tears.

"It was so hard not being able to see you in real life as a-- as a friend but now that we're--" George stammers, face tucked against the other's chest as he tries willing away the hot tears that form.

"Shh," Dream rubs his back, kissing his head. "We'll see each other again before you know it. And until then we'll video chat every day. Even when I'm sick or mad or tired." Dream gently lifts up George's head with one of his hands.

"I love you." George tells him, giving a sad smile through his tears.

"Love you too." Dream whispers back, kissing him softly.

Above them, speakers call out for Dream's plane number.

"We have to go." Dream tells George, who reluctantly pulls away. They take each other's hands in their own again, and walk towards the line for his flight.

Both of their eyes red from their tears, they stay close together until Dream is next in line. George

gives him a quick kiss, and slowly let's go of his hand as he steps to the side.

After Dream is checked, he goes over to George, but from behind a line divider to keep him in the area he needed to be in. He leans over it, bringing George into another kiss.

"Call me when you get off, please?" George asks him.

"Promise. Love you." Dream pecks his lips quickly once more, voice wavering dangerously close to cracking.

"Love you too. Bye, Clay." George says, his own voice actually cracking.

"Talk to you soon." Dream tells him, and then he backs up a few steps, waving as he walks through the door.

George moves his hands up, using the sleeves of Dream's hoodie to rub at his eyes and the drying tears on his cheeks. He walks away from the area, very slowly moving towards the exit out to the parking lot.

His drive home wasn't amazing. He turns on the radio to drown out the silence, and takes the back roads home. Once he parks in his driveway, he sits in his car instead of going inside. It'll be the first time in a week that he'd walk inside without Dream being there or with him.

After 30 minutes of sulking in his seat, George gets out and goes inside finally. He goes straight to his room and flops onto the bed, curling up and hugging a pillow as he buries his face into the hoodie Dream gave him. He falls asleep fast, and stays asleep for a good five hours. When he wakes up, he checks his phone. There's a text from Dream from just a couple minutes ago, it saying 'Miss you already <3 about halfway home'

'miss you too <3' George sends back, getting up. He grabs himself the leftover sushi from his fridge and takes it to his living room to eat. It's unnervingly quiet without Dream right next to him. He decides to put on one of their videos as he eats.

George spends the rest of his day cuddling with his cat, who, he playfully scolds for hiding the whole time Dream was there.

At about 10pm, George gets a call. He picks up immediately when he sees it was from Dream.

"Hey I just landed, I'm waiting for an Uber right now." Dream says, yawning.

"How was your flight?" George asks.

"It was okay. Better than the one I took going up to you." He chuckles softly.

George smiles at the chuckle, his stomach harboring softly buzzing butterflies. "You sound pretty tired."

"Yeah, jet lag is a bitch." Dream says, giving another yawn. "I'm going to go home and pass out for 20 hours."

"I don't blame you. We'll video call after you've gotten your sleep." George says, playing with the hem of the hoodie.

"My Uber is here. I'll text you before I lay down. Love you." Dream says, his sound distorting slightly from wind.

"Love you too. Bye." George says, and sets his phone on the bed once Dream ended the call. He catches a glimpse of his bracelet, and runs his fingers over the beads, smiling. It was just little glass beads, but it meant so much more.

Dream shoves his phone into his pocket as he slips into the Uber. He gives the driver his address before sitting back and watching the streets go by out the window. As he shifts, he remembers the bracelet on his wrist because it clinks against the window. Looking at it, Dream smiles. They'll do this long distance thing just fine, he's sure of it.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys liked it!!! Like I said I love all of you, especially those who've come through this whole thing. My next focus will be to finish The Pain of Pictures, and then I will continue my Zombie apocalypse fic after that!  
Thank you! <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!